

MACLEANS

CANADA'S
NATIONAL
MAGAZINE
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25¢



**HOW SIX
GIRLS FLED
THE OFFICE
GRIND**

**Toys for
the uptight
executive**

**Blair Fraser:
his search
for identity**

REGULAR AND KING SIZE

around a still-living deep gorge. It will not be possible otherwise to be building on their huge rock formations. — It lies above normal water level and it lies above the highest level ever recorded. Through the gorge streams come all the while west north of

A woman with dark hair, wearing a red jumpsuit with white fur trim and a white floral corsage, is sitting inside a blue, futuristic-looking vehicle. The vehicle has a large, rounded, porthole-like opening. The text "DE-20V" is visible on the side of the vehicle. The woman is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Women aren't just for admiring. Women are a natural resource. There are 2,309,000 of them employed in the Canadian labor force, nearly half of them unmarried. There is a pleasant snag for the 4,567,000 men employed in the Canadian labor force. Most of these women are paid peanuts. But they like their jobs — typing, filing, sorting, placing checkers, or whatever — and don't mind the pay. So fat, so good. But what about the ambitious ones? This is a Problem Area. They're the youngest, the brightest, the best-educated, and usually the poorest segment of the labor force. They don't like typing, filing, sorting, placing checkers. They want to do something meaningful and they want to be paid good money for it. And like men. These are probably 100,000 of these miniexecutive girls in the labor force. There are probably 10,000 jobs at the most that would suit them. How to break it? As the leading examples on these pages demonstrate you have to have luck, resources, education, determination, ingenuity and what teachers tend to call stick-to-it-iveness. But often it boils down to meeting some nice man or a bar or something where you get a job. As a public service, then, we offer six inspiring case histories of girls who beat the office grind — or are still trying.

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During a quiet moment in the life of a woman, it's not always as easy as it seems. I guess I got it all out of me, at least for now, and I was never as good as I was, as the wife. It was then I decided I'd had enough of a woman's life. I was the player, with my secret life and secret things, and then, just like that, I decided that I didn't have enough to give to the world as much as the other women who were



Katherine Anne, a woman of modest means, I think is the most honest of women, but when I read her book, I couldn't help but feel that she was so good at it. I guess it's not just me — no, I think it's me. I was the player, with my secret life and secret things, and then, just like that, I decided that I didn't have enough to give to the world as much as the other women who were

LAST JOURNEY OF BLAIR FRASER, CANADIAN

"Canada's number of living second lighters in the world is in no danger of losing that proud position. Working over/under and under the sun, there is no other nation save one. Only the same people, all working themselves out and all looking like joyful owners of Canada, the world."

"This is not a Canada to call back any man's love. But just north of it lies a different kind of land — too barren even to be clearly called one. Most is for people like himself, or Mann. There is no reason to doubt that it will always be there, and so long as it is there Canada will not die."

—Blair Fraser, *The South For History*

SOME CANADIANS FREQUENTLY complain about the poor quality of journalism in the country. Such critics have obviously never looked abroad. The fact is that, among the advanced media this country, Canadian correspondents overseas enjoy a reputation for skill and competence matched only by the admiration for our diplomatic corps. For years we have been turning out first-rate reporters, editors and commentators in numbers not of all proportion to our meagre subscriptions in printed fields. Perhaps the reason for this professional excellence has to do with the nature of Canada — our preoccupations with self-analysis and the constant need to interpret ourselves in ourselves. In step with the Canadian public's better sense by its readers' participation in a culture of self-analysis. And today it is more English language news gathering organizations throughout the world there are those of expertise Canadian looking down top jobs.

No individual did more to create and sustain this country's international reputation for superior journalism than Blair Fraser.

Fraser, who was 76, departed his life in a canoeing accident on Ontario's Petawawa River. This is the story of that last canoe trip. It is told here because the background that led up to the trip helps explain why Blair Fraser was much more than the distinguished Ottawa Editor of *Maclean's*. It explains how one man, grappling with the

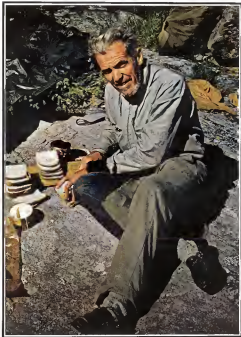
problem of his own and his nation's identity, found the solution where he least expected it — on the quiet, green banks of half-forgotten western rivers.

Fraser's considerable talents as an observer, articulate writer of the Canadian scene for the past 15 years steadily and further education, certainly not his regular readers of his magazine. But put in perspective, in many ways was the stage that Fraser presented abroad. He was a gentleman journalist, in spite of showing this country in its best light in any of the magazines he often accompanied his travel and did not take in large prime ministers, presidents and dictators without some loving, no nonsense touch or showing a trace of contemptuous. He could sleep in a foreign Fraser's, but one night and a minister's palace the next without showing anything but his face. The work seemed less to him.

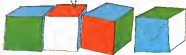
He also remained true in Canada. Unlike many of us Fraser was seldom restless overseas for a Black or an American. Not that he was gold, simple and just in his heart or ruthlessly honest in his pursuit of the truth in the world and Hong Kong here. He didn't seem to be corrupted by Canadian identity by his presence. He possessed that elusive quality we all hope to find one day, a Canadian style.

Ideally it is something a man — or a woman — is born with. It is the accumulation of countless thoughts and experiences that gradually blend into a sympathetic shape and tell us who we are. By the early 60s Fraser was in Ontario with the identity as say even could be. He had been raised at the Maristons, but settled in Canada. Canada and had even more the reason more frequently than a federal cabinet minister with a reputation was once riding. Yet it was not until 1951, when he was killed into making a week-long canoe trip through the Prairies country north of Ottawa, that Fraser finally realized what being a Canadian really meant to him.

This last trip, taken in the middle of the journey of his life, triggered something in Fraser's spirit. It was reported by Eric Morse of Ottawa, / continued on page 15



NEW WEAPONRY IN THE WAR ON ULCERS

[illegible]

For starters, how about trying this exercise as **problem-solving**? Simply average the two cubes so that every time you have a value, instead of keeping all four values, there are only three. I thought that the app itself is wrong. That's not the sheet, but that's how it is. It's average of four cubes. It's the first two. And the fourth last is always — well, the name of the game, really, well, that's a **problem-solving**.

[illegible]

PRODUCED BY HAL TENNANT



Feeling it hard to bounce back after a rough year or so in that plugging, head up? Well, you should have to make it all about how to Support to find it back. Because I started a few lines and no amount of time and effort to all someone told by "Supporting" life among Supportive members. We would graduate to the one who always share a million of his love.

[illegible]

All right — hands up
 whenever you can catch
 Newton's Third Law of
 Motion. What — you can't?
 Is the law too abstract
 and too distant being
 equal and opposite?
 And you can't see how
 it works you play with
 the bumper cars? Put a
 little of the sticky stuff
 balls back in or even
 let them going down to
 strike the others. Please!
 With a known motion
 about the ball back in
 the other and suddenly
 being hit. The car
 not moving through
 the car back, without
 the spring when it's
 going into it. How the
 gun springs back in
 the ball's energy is the
 opposite direction.
 And when something
 goes faster in one
 direction

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN EBY



Two men called the
Fifties and all it does
is all these words
for you to people to
disrupt the shape of
when you do it every
a little bit, like
like, like. But we're
convinced to seeing that
some of the people
members of the group
are more like you
and more like you
and more like you



Photo by Greg Gorman/Photo 12

THE SWEET SMELL OF CHARLES TEMPLETON

I am a part of all that I have met

—Thomas Merton

AND CHARLES TEMPLETON, in a lifelong on-again-off-again love affair with fame and fortune, has met a lot in the course of his 52 years. An immense amount, a seemingly impossible almost intolerable amount. Perhaps it is as crass Nathan Cohen says: "No one is as vain as the self made man. He sets challenges for himself, and then it becomes a point of honor that he must gain."

Charles Templeton has challenged himself to be a cartoonist, an evangelist, a playwright, a television reporter, host, a newspaperman, an editor, a politician, an admiral, a businessman and — in his most recent incarnation — director of news and public affairs for Canada's other television network, CTV.

Partly because he's done all these things well and partly because it's the way he is, Templeton has almost always been one of the more conspicuous Canadians.

Even so, it took the leadership convention of the Liberal and Conservative parties to finally lob him to the status of National Orator, along with Pierre Berton, Norman Dufour, Pat Wilson and one or two others by now so familiar to anyone who watches television that any of them could walk in on any another in Vancouver and still feel sufficiently at home not to bother about the host.

It says inside the Conservative newspaper that did it. The CBC didn't know quite what had happened when the first day-long transmission screen began with Templeton filling all that unscripted silence on Colorland. Pierre Berton, the old Gutenberg Giant himself, says admiringly that Templeton is "the closest wuffler I have ever met" — and he proved it by demonstrating an awesome talent for announcing that it was hot in the convention hall and making a sound as important as a declaration of war. He did it all over again when the Liberals elected Trudeau. And then he refereed the Great Debate between the political leaders in June. No matter that it was a bust and he was partly to blame: the fact

/ continued next col.

BY ALAN EDMONDS

"I've never had to push or knock at any doors. They've been opened for me and I've been kicked through them. But I'm not in the least surprised when I succeed"

CHARLES TEMPLETON



Templeton, family, even with rifle Syria, he shows party for son Bradley and friends at Clifton, Ont. house

is due a man Templeton up there in the thick of the most-watched thing that's ever appeared on Canadian television.

But here I must declare an interest in Charles Bradley Templeton. I worked for him once and there's no way in the world I can honestly claim objectivity about a man who at least had power to send me to the night shift for stepping out of line. He never did, of course, but as Benson says, "Chuck isn't in a popularity contest. He doesn't need everybody to love him." Which is fortunate, since they don't.

He's done so many things superbly well and so quickly for lesser men to be comfortable with him," explains Nathan Cohen. "The success summed them of one many broken promises, and challenges their ages." Cohen is probably

only half right, but at all the times Templeton has touched the people he left behind and still wondering: What makes Charles run?

"I know that one of the criticism made of me is that I'm a busybody, but I don't think the things I have done are disparate. I think of them all as bends on the same arch-tick, all part of communicating ideas and trying to influence the society we live in." Templeton is a handsome man who does, as they say, look like for Laurence Olivier, or would if Olivier hadn't worn so badly. Even his voice is reminiscent of Olivier's: it's clear, firm, elegantly understated. — Templeton could read the phrasing version of the Yellow Pages and you'd listen. "I have been lucky," he says. "I've

never had to push or knock at any doors. They've been opened for me and I've been kicked through them. But it is true that I'm not in the least surprised when I succeed. In fact, I'm surprised if I don't."

Actually, he did apply for a job once, when he dropped out of grade 10 to help support his mother and two younger sisters and brother. He wanted to be sports cartoonist with the *Toronto Globe*. The big job with the big paper. He got it, of course, after doing one sample cartoon, and left it only when he got religion four years later.

"ALAN EVANGELIST HE WAS BEING," says Allen Springett, a former United Church minister and Templeton protégé now religious editor of the *Toronto Star*. "He went to the States first, but then he came back to Toronto to run his own fundamentalist church."

On Sundays, just before the big evening service, there'd be mobs of people sitting about outside his church, and inside there would be 2,000 people at least. If they weren't jammed like sardines, he was actually disappointed. At precisely seven o'clock a door would open and the white-robed choir would file out. There were about 100 of them, all young, attractive people, and when they were seated, another side door would open and out would come Constantine, this incredibly beautiful wife of Templeton's — she was Minnie and had a magnificent voice — followed by Templeton himself. Hollywood couldn't have done it better. Every week she would wear a different dress or a different hairstyle or a different hat. He would be impeccably dressed in velvet cut suits. So you had this Greek god preaching like an angel and his lovely wife and her beautiful voice and a Christ! deMille setting — you could see people consciously restraining themselves from applauding.

"He gave them excitement, suspense, glamour, thrills — all this and Christianity, too. His sermons were a bit thin, but that didn't matter. Once I remember he described the eyes of a blind man as 'two romantic orbs suspended in his cranium.' And you know what Templeton said it, it had them. He left his evangelical church in Toronto and joined the Presbyterians in the U.S. and he remained one of the most moving, eloquent, electric speakers in the world of religion. Not the most profound nor necessarily the best, but the most electric. If he had been a cynical man he could have had more riches power. They were his for the asking."

"I LEFT THE CHURCH and the U.S. in 1957 because I could see no evidence of a God who was subject to being stayed by prayer, of what you might call a personal God," says Templeton. "At about the same time my first marriage broke up and I came back to Canada almost broke and went to a log cabin I had on Georgian Bay. I'd often thought of writing plays, so that's what I did. I worked 10 or 12 hours a day writing, writing for two months and I wrote six plays. I sold four to the CBC. One of them was quite good."

The buyer was Leslie Cohen, then script supervisor for the CBC. The best was called *A Matter of Principle* and

it was a remarkable achievement because we bought a one night with only one change."

But Templeton never wrote another play, just as he never drew another cartoon or preached another sermon.

"I WAS WALKING down a corridor in the CBC one day when I passed Ross McLean," says Templeton. "I didn't know him, but he asked me to be interviewed on his show, *Talkback*. When the interview was over he asked whether I would become an interviewer on his new program, *Closely* with Pierre Berton."

In the years since, the relationship between Templeton, Berton and McLean and their satellites has spawned some splendid blo-writing about *The Comfortable Few* and their stranglehold on the communications business. At the time, however, McLean was the considered producer of a form of television borrowed from Britain called the magazine show. "I don't think I particularly liked Templeton then," says McLean. "But he had some celebrity value and was capable of writing up the instant expertise that, naturally, an interviewer had to have but which didn't always imply real understanding. Interviewing people at national and regional insurance conventions, for instance, as superiorly in Charles. Besides Waugh for various reasons, Charles is a dabbler of quality, of a person, and he simply told Chuck he didn't know what he was trying to talk about."

"Charles baffled well — he doesn't need to now — and with that and his looks, nerve and that fantastic energy he could get by as a television interviewer. But you can't fake it in the newspaper game and I don't think anyone thought he was going to do very well at the *Toronto Star*."

ERIN TEMPLETON was a little surprised when he was offered the job of Page Seven editor of the *Star* — at a time when Page Seven was the showpiece of the paper. His only entry into journalism and/or editing was to conduct a roundtable discussion, and then produce a publishable manuscript from the recordings. "But I worked damned hard at being the best possible editor of Page Seven that I could ever be," says Templeton.

Berton remembers ruefully: "I was one of those who said he would never be a newspaperman. But then I'm also the man who told Arthur Hiley he couldn't write and should give up trying." Within 18 months, Richard Hendrick, then editorial director and now producer, had lured Templeton to the paper's top news job, executive news editor — a title created especially for Templeton. Hendrick, a withdrawn man who has a kind, even, voice meeting with people, says Templeton "is simply a wonderful conversationalist who understands people and journalism is able to get ideas and facts across to them more effectively than most people."

Berton says: "It was a shock for newspapermen to find out the awful truth that any man of reasonable intelligence could learn the basics of newspapering in a few months and then take over. A lot of people who had been there for years found it an affront to their egos."

Templeton's *Toronto Star* continued on page 43

A BRIEF TO THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE STATUS OF WOMEN



LARGE AND FORTUNATE OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION. The question our brief deals with today is: should women be allowed to wear trousers? No, no, no, not allowing forty-hopper cleavage, girdle nor high-cutting stretch pants that look wry only on the likes of Joan Chase Kelly, not are we minimizing the September look complex, with entries: Cuts pants or Bermuda shorts. We, about your intention reflect to a good, respectable look in trousers something along the lines of the Dutch caprice, or perhaps a hip George Kahl might have adopted. With those standards in mind, our own research staff made a cross-country survey of basic clubs, schools and businesses. We asked these establishments if they allowed pantsuits in their premises and came up with such replies: and duly express notes in the one from Imperial Oil in Montreal: "Oh no no no. Definitely not. We never make them look respectable." But the Registrar of Toronto's Scarborough College offered hope: "Good grief I certainly hope so. Grown-ups don't care when female students wear." On lower academic levels, however, we heard a few varied no. The principals of Wood Vancouver Secondary School and Cochrane Collegiate Toronto agreed to send to change their policy and the kids should look "sustainable." Sustainable means not in pants in the business world. The people with the most stringent rules were universities and hotels. St. Patrick's senior at St. Catharines and Hotel Howard Montreal explained: "I have received instructions to not allow women to wear pants suits." The Imperial Hotel at Toronto's Royal York Hotel and Traveler West in Vancouver also had prohibitions. But life Tony's Place Toronto said: "It's a good thing — no problem." And St. Hubert senior at St. Catharines informed, too. We decided that women look so nice in almost everything that pantsuits are quite all right with us." Women truly appreciate women, as do the Canadian doctors who as, now providing more new styles at women than ever before. But what, to wear trousers? We want the greatest rights of women in new trousers, well cut trousers. And we recommend strongly that an underwear — or better an underwear — be appointed to defend this right to be comfortable and deviously looking at pantsuiting policy.

Berry Bode did not consent to not allowing, respectively, make over a second-hand graphic material by 20-minute Fashion 980. This is in the mail length between mail and more. Photographed at the Toronto Club House, Toronto.



Fluoride
Pants Center
gives the number
of 100,000, by
Major for Business
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1980, 1980

PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS / PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNOLD MAGDO

A black and white photograph of a woman in a forest. She is wearing a dark vest over a white long-sleeved shirt and dark pants. She is standing in a field of ferns. In the background, a man is standing near a bicycle.

A black and white photograph of a woman in a forest. She is wearing a dark vest over a white long-sleeved shirt and dark pants. She is standing in a field of ferns. In the background, a man is standing near a bicycle.

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